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[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#)[INFO](#)[MEMBERSHIP](#)[NEWSLETTER](#)[MEMBER'S FORUM](#)

Images / Iris' Research About The Flat Earth Society



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It is common knowledge among Flat Earthers that one of the corners of the Flat Earth is at Brimstone Head on Fogo Island, Newfoundland. This map shows the location of the region of NL in relation to the rest of the country of Canada.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

This map shows the location of Fogo Island in relation to the island of Newfoundland.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

This old trunk held the belongings of a man named Bartholomew Seeker who had been living in the town of Fogo in the early 70s. Bartholomew was a member of the Flat Earth Society and had come to the community as a teacher, but his more important mission was to verify this place as one of the corners of the Flat Earth and stand as guardian of the corner.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

This is the house where Bartholomew lived... 30 years later the trunk was found in the crawl space underneath.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

This is the view coming into the town of Fogo on Fogo Island, NL. In the distance stands the distinctive Brimstone Head.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

This is Brimstone Head seen from the far side of the town of Fogo; it's a peculiar geological formation and when you climb to the top you can look out at the edge of the world.



After receiving the trunk and sifting through Bartholomew's journals and artifacts, I needed to find out more so I decided to visit the archives of the Canadian Chapter of the Flat Earth Society held at the University of New Brunswick and I was able to piece together a lot of interesting information about Bartholomew and the society in



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

general. This image is the Harriet Irving Library at UNB that houses the archives.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

After spending a good deal of time exploring the documents and artifacts in the archives, I was hooked... completely fascinated by the Flat Earth Society and by Bartholomew.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

My next step was to follow Bartholomew's path. I went to Fogo Island. This is an image of my travel to Fogo Island on the small ferry that takes people from the main island of NL to Fogo Island which resides at the edge of an archipelago of islands in Notre Dame Bay.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

As part of my plan to experience Brimstone as Bartholomew had, I too climbed to the top of Brimstone Head shortly after arriving at Fogo.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

This is the view from the top of Brimstone, a view to the edge of the world.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

Just as Bartholomew had spoke of exploring and collecting rocks around the base of Brimstone, I too rummaged through the detritus, looking at assorted specimens of rocks and lichen.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

I checked at the town office for any information they might have about Bartholomew. Although they had little recollection of Bartholomew, they did provide a sheet of general information about the Flat Earth Society (citations from the Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador) and they gave me a nice little Fogo Town pin.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

Here at the Fogo Island Library I spoke with Marion the librarian and was able to glean a bit more information about Bartholomew's time in Fogo. They had a little more information about the Flat Earth Society in relation to Brimstone Head. For the most part, the residents of Fogo have little connection to the Flat Earth Society themselves, mostly they consider it all a bit odd, but none-the-less a fascinating quirk to add to their tourist information.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

To further investigate the region I chose to hire a pilot and float plane to view Fogo and Brimstone at the edge of the world from the air. Here, I am preparing to board the plane that leaves from Dead Man's Pond near the Gander Airport.



[\[click to enlarge\]](#)

These three images are aerial views taken from over Brimstone Head and offered an amazing alternative perspective of the region.



[click to enlarge]

It's important to realize, that historically the Flat Earth Society has consisted of numerous highly intellectual and brilliant members. Some highly regarded members include: George Bernard Shaw, Eugene Ionesco, Farley Mowat, doctors, lawyers and other professionals. This is a picture of George Bernard Shaw's certificate that was in the archives at UNB.

Find out how you can [become a member](#).

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)



INFORMATION

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#)

[INFO](#)

[MEMBERSHIP](#)

[NEWSLETTER](#)

[MEMBER'S FORUM](#)



Aims of the Flat Earth Society

1. To restore humanity's faith in Common Sense. Seeing is believing. For hundreds of years humankind has been blinded by metaphysics, brainwashed by popular fallacies and bullied into denying the evidence of one's own sense. The Flat Earth Society stands for a renewed faith in the basic truth of sense experience.
2. To combat the fallacious deification of the sphere which, ever since the sly deception of Pythagorus, has warped western thought.
3. To spearhead humankind's escape from his/her metaphysical and geometrical prison by asserting that science, like philosophy and religion, is ultimately metaphorical and therefore that reality as we verbalize it is ultimately metaphorical, and therefore that reality as we verbalize it is essentially mystical and poetical.

The Flat Earth Society and the notion of "common sense".

Have you traveled to other parts of the world -- specifically to the southern hemisphere or equator -- and felt like you were standing sideways or upside down... isn't that what existing on a globe would feel like? Have you felt the motion of traveling 1000 mph., the approximate speed that the earth is revolving at? When you look across the horizon do you see the shape of a sphere, no, essentially you see a flat horizon line with the undulations of the land forms. This is the common sense to which the Flat Earthers refer... believing what you see and feel, what you personally experience, and questioning the theories put before you.

Flat earthers refute space shuttle and satellite imagery as being a hoax created to perpetuate the globular theories that have served the masses for so long, that kind of disruption to their comfort level the globularists are not willing to accept. In this day and age of photography, film, and digital manipulation, how can you say that you "know" that those satellite images have not been created to perpetuate the globular belief.

The Flat Earth Society simply asks you to question what you think you know based on the information you receive through mass media and your education, and instead begin to look at, really look at, the evidence achieved through experience.

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)



NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 1

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#)[INFO](#)[MEMBERSHIP](#)[NEWSLETTER](#)[MEMBER'S FORUM](#)

Membership Highlights:

The membership is growing. During a recent lecture in Northern Ireland, several new members joined. Here are some of their thoughts for wanting to become members:

- **Julie Bacon, joined Mar, 21, 2004**

I was born by the sea I spent a lot of my childhood staring out and looking at the sea, I have a real deep attachment and attraction to the sea. During the years of my education there was this inculcation of ideas... It seemed like everything I loved during my childhood was being refuted. For my attempts to question teachers and so on, I would just be sent out of the class. Questioning was seen as a form of insolence. This seems like an opportunity, perhaps small minded revenge, but a way to symbolically take revenge. Thanks so much for the opportunity.

- **Om Lekha, joined Mar. 21, 2004**

I'd like to become a member of the Flat Earth Society for the experience of destroying the world... the key word is "experience".

- **Hilary Gilligan, joined Mar. 21, 2004**

I think it might be an opportunity to take my artistic career in another direction. When Galileo told us all that the world wasn't flat, that it was round, they threw him in jail and afterwards he became right famous. So perhaps if I go around saying the earth is flat now, they'll throw me in jail and then maybe I'll be really famous.

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)



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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

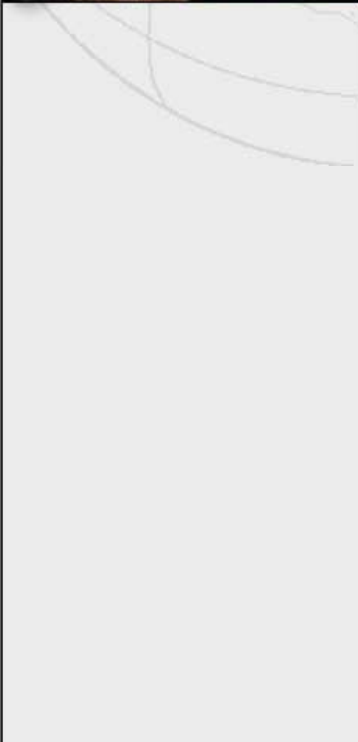


NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 1

IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH | INFO | MEMBERSHIP | NEWSLETTER | MEMBER'S FORUM



Towards A Flat Earth Lexicon: by Iris Taylor



It has come to my attention in casual conversations that spherism has infiltrated our language and therefore it seems appropriate to use this newsletter as a forum for the development of a lexicon for flat earthers. With your input, we can use this column to help break the stranglehold of the spherist vocabulary, and therefore I welcome your ideas to add to future editions of the newsletter. To start things off, I would like to address the use of the word "around". My well meaning hosts during a recent visit to Ireland, indicated on several occasions that I had come half way *around* the world to present my lecture. As I pointed out, I had actually come "half way *across* the world" to their beautiful country. In a similar way, consider the way we use the term *around* in everyday speech. What about the statement "I stayed *around* the house today." Does that mean that you are going round and round the house. No, of course not (unless you were mowing your lawn in a circular pattern around the house much like the action of plowing a field thereby staying in circular motion). Likely what it means is I stayed *at* the house today. *Around* seems to be used far too frequently within our language and I would like to propose some alternative words for you to use in your everyday conversations. How could you change these kinds of statements: I went around town; it cost around \$10.; that book can bring around new ideas. Instead, what about words such as: all over, almost, approximately, encompass, everywhere, nearby, over, throughout, about, induce, persuade. Or if you are using the more slang phrase of *hang around*, then what about replacing that with: dally, frequent, glom, hang about, hang out, haunt, linger, loiter, roam, tarry, waste time. And a word that I'm particularly fond of makes an excellent alternative: philander. Try and catch yourself next time you are about to say *around* in your conversation, and be creative with what you insert instead. What globular language would like to see reduced in our regular speech and usage.? Think about it and send me your thoughts and we'll incorporate them into our lexicon and publish your thoughts here. In addition, this lexicon column can be used for the invention of new words to include in our speech also. As a start, I would like to make a contribution:

Entry: *antispherical*

- Function: *adjective*
- Definition: *contrary to roundness, appreciative of flatness, opposite of sphere, nonconformist, not globular*
- Examples of use: *This lexicon column is for the creation and clarification of antispherical language. His critical analysis of prime time sit-coms demonstrated his antispherical perspective.*

Send your contributions to me at: iris@itaylorresearch.com

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

iris@itaylorresearch.com

Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 1

IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH | INFO | MEMBERSHIP | NEWSLETTER | MEMBER'S FORUM

An Excerpt from Bartholomew Seeker's Journal

This is an excerpt from Bartholomew Seeker's journal. This was his first entry, dated April 30, 1970.

After a very long journey I finally arrived at Fogo. The view of Brimstone Head as I was coming into the town took my breath away. I was so excited to be here to verify and guard this corner, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw it. I was here! I must say though, each step of the way as I got closer and closer, I kept thinking, surely I must be near the edge now... it is so remote and so rugged and surely uninhabitable. The hills and lakes and rocks on Cape Breton Island was the first place where I really began to think I must be close. Little did I know I still had so much farther to go. The ferry crossing from Sydney to Port au Basques was an excruciating 7 hours, I don't like the rocking of the big boats on the sea, I'm much happier in a small boat. I could not believe there was still more land ahead that we were coming to. The view of the island of Newfoundland was enshrouded in mist and thus could only be seen as the ferry got quite close... it looked as barren and as foreboding as I could ever have imagined. And yet still my journey was not over. After another 8 or nine hours of driving through mountains, small towns, past gas stations, rock, marsh and decrepit stunted trees, I arrived at the ferry station at Farewell Harbour on the north central coast of this rock in the sea. I had to stay at a guest house in a nearby community because there were no more ferries that night. I could not help but wonder about the name and what it was exactly I was saying farewell too, but indeed I did feel as if I was at the edge of the world. The next morning I boarded the tiny ferry that could fit only a few cars and took about an hour to get to Fogo Island. The trip took me past numerous tiny islands and when I looked at the map on the boat I could see that the whole of this area of Notre Dame Bay is an archipelago of islands... thousands of little rocky knolls at the edge of the sea at the edge of the world. The drive to the town of Fogo was only a few minutes, again it seemed so remote, so isolated and alone. I met my connection Joe Perry in town and he directed me to the house where I would be staying. The island school where I would be teaching had made the arrangements with Mr. Perry, a local resident, to find me accommodation and orient me a bit to the community. With only a few streets and a couple of shops and couple of churches amongst some houses, it didn't seem like it would be difficult to find my way around. Joe, a pleasant enough man, fairly quiet, and spoke with a peculiar accent. Soon he left me on my own in the wee house that was to be mine for the next couple of years. I unloaded my things but before I unpacked anything, I walked down the street towards the great landmark at the end of the road. From close up and below, it did not have that same unusual distinctive appearance that it had when I viewed it from a distance when arriving. But it was the land mark of my dreams and I simply had to climb it now. It was rocky and damp and slippery in places. At the top I stood and faced toward that which I knew was the end of the world as the wind gusted around me on this overcast, brisk day. I was elated.

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 1

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#)[INFO](#)[MEMBERSHIP](#)[NEWSLETTER](#)[MEMBER'S FORUM](#)

I Still Take the Stairs -- ruminations on technology, reality, and the process of putting one foot in front of the other to move across this flat earth - by Donna Akrey (member since October, 2003)

I don't believe that reality isn't enough anymore, but technology keeps trying to convince me of just that. As usual, I'll be the last to go... the last to get it. I have thrown my body off ten-foot cliffs into clear northern lakes. I have laid floating on my back in buoyant oceans; black and starry like the sky above me, I've climbed up into the canopy of the rain forest. I've exerted my body up hills, through trees, around winding river rapids, through hot deserts, crawled hunched underground, up hills, down mountains, along busy streets. I've driven for weeks, walked for days, held my breath for seconds, slept for hours. I still take the stairs. I keep missing my ride and losing my friends because I still take the stairs. Sure, it's good for me, but what does it matter if I get to the top, sweaty and alone? I don't drive a car everyday, I don't have a computer and I still walk everywhere. Technology keeps telling me to sit down....all will be delivered. There are no departures anymore, just arrivals. Why do I want to go walking in a world that doesn't really exist, that can be delivered to me virtually flawless and round... if I would just sit down. I think about the possibility of acting with out having to physically move. I think about injecting the micro-technology that will allow me to write words direct from my head... make work while I sit with my feel up. Armchair artist.

But I don't give in. I keep taking the stairs. And not necessarily in defiance. My world remains humanely or human-ly sensory whether I like it or not. Only now, I notice the difference in scent between a PC and a Mac. My world is decidedly unwired. But I'm not worried. And why should I worry? As Don Ihde says in his article "Bodies, Virtual Bodies and Technology," 'techno-worries are not new'. In the fifties people worried about *artificial intelligence* replacing human intelligence and during the industrial revolution... machines replacing humans. I still get up to the top floor, just slower and in relatively better shape. This might leave me out of the club... but like Groucho Marks, "I wouldn't want to belong to any club that would have me as a member."

Further thoughts by Donna Akrey:

Some suggestions for driving off of this flat earth...

AMIGO AVIATOR BLAZER BRAVADA DISCOVERY DURANGO ENVOY
EQUINOX ESCALADE EXCURSION EXPEDITION EXPLORER FORRESTER
GRANDCHEROKEE GRAND VITARA HIGHLANDER INFINITI (PART I) LIBERTY
MONTANA MONTERO MOUNTAINEER NAVIGATOR ODYSSEY
OUTBACK OUTLANDER PASSPORT PATHFINDER PILOT RAVA4
RENDESVOUS RODEO SAMURI SANTA FE SEQUOIA SERENGETI
SPORTAGE TAHOE TRACKER TRAILBLAZER TRIBUTE TROOPER
VEHICROSS VUE XTERRA YUKON

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 2

IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH | INFO | MEMBERSHIP | NEWSLETTER | MEMBER'S FORUM



Alternative Perspective of New Brunswick : by Iris Taylor

During my recent trip to New Brunswick, I was delighted to meet and enjoy the friendly people and the beautiful landscape; and I was also made aware of some of the more unusual elements of the place.

New Brunswick boasts some fascinating phenomena that greatly encourages me in believing that its residents are likely more open to alternative thinking than people from other places. And it now makes perfect sense to me that the previous chapter of the Flat Earth Society from 30 - 40 years ago had its origins in New Brunswick. Are you aware that in New Brunswick at certain times of day, river currents run backwards? New Brunswick is also the proud location of a reversing falls where river water travels up hill. Such unusual geological quirks are fascinating to me.

In addition, one of the great landmarks of New Brunswick is the Magnetic Hill, a peculiar location where cars roll up the hill and require acceleration to move down the hill. I experienced this phenomena for myself on Oct. 10, 2004. My hosts drove me to the hill, told me they were accelerating in order to go down the hill, and when they reached the bottom, they put the car in neutral and it rolled back up the hill! Indeed a fascinating experience in a car, but I had to experience it further so I got out and walked the hill (being the strong advocate of walking and first hand experience that I am). Again, the experience of walking down the hill felt like walking up a hill -- you know how the ground comes up to meet your foot just a bit sooner than on a flat surface, and walking back up was the reverse. It looked like I was walking up hill, yet I was going down, my strides were longer to connect with the receding ground. It was a remarkably disorienting experience, my head began to feel dizzy as my visual sense tried desperately to reconcile my sense of touch and bodily experience. I have attached a picture below of the magnetic hill. In the picture, it appears as if you are looking down a hill, but you are fooled, you are actually looking up.

I love the idea that in nature, things can look like what they are not. Just as the globularists have tried to convince of us things that are not, we can know through experience what we are really seeing. While I am aware the earth is round, I know that it is flat because my senses and experience tell me that it is. While at the Magnetic Hill, it looks like I am going up hill, but my body (and physics) tells me I am not. With this kind of local phenomena surrounding the people of New Brunswick, it is no wonder they are so open to alternative thinking. Attendees at the lecture quickly and enthusiastically responded to joining the Flat Earth Society and as you can see in the letter included with this issue of the newsletter, one member soon began analyzing things from perspectives he hadn't thought of previously.

I was delighted with my experience in New Brunswick and strongly recommend it as a place to visit. Check out the Magnetic Hill yourself and you too will be thinking about things a little differently.



MAGNETIC HILL

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 2

IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH | INFO | MEMBERSHIP | NEWSLETTER | MEMBER'S FORUM

Letter From A Member

Greetings members. Recently I had the opportunity to present my lecture in Sackville, New Brunswick and several new members joined. The day following initiation, I received a letter and an object from one of the new members. Using the frame of his flattened globe, Peter Manchester, created a new model for consideration by Flat Earth Society members. I include a picture of his model and a copy of his letter for your perusal. Please feel free to comment on and respond to his theories in the next newsletter issue. I know he would welcome other perspectives on his ideas.

Oct. 5, 2004

Dear Ms. Taylor:

It was with great enthusiasm that I joined the FES yesterday evening after your very informative talk. Upon arriving home, however, I made a startling discovery that might disallow my membership.

I have included a model of my discovery with this correspondence for your inspection. If you wish, you may include this in the body of evidence as to the true nature of our nature although it contravenes the basic tenets of the FES. Perhaps it would stimulate some further discussion.

My deepest reservations were always in the belief that we had equal parts latitude and longitude on our earth. Therefore, I plugged in my calculations and derived at a rather startling discovery. Indeed, there is way more longitude. At last (see model) there is a credible modeling of the Gaia principle. It is possible to flatten out this model I am presenting to you, but I find that it would take unspeakable cruelty.

You will notice that mountain ranges above the equator are more satisfactorily represented, as well as the high plains below. The constrictions nearer the poles become more plausible and the explanation of massive ice formations in the Antarctic can be contributed to the cold feet of Gaia model.

I have thought briefly of forming a breakaway Barbie Planet Society, but have since shelved the idea as it might provide the academic world grounds for ridicule of my continuing investigations.

Respectfully,

Peter Manchester
Sackville, NB



MANCHESTER GAI A MODEL

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)



NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 2

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#) | [INFO](#) | [MEMBERSHIP](#) | [NEWSLETTER](#) | [MEMBER'S FORUM](#)



A Song for the Flat Earth Society?

In October 2004, one of our members sent me an email containing the words and the sound file of a song that he had found and thought it was an interesting reflection of concerns similar to those of the FES. Thank you Keith Murray.

Here it is:

"We favor the simple expression of the complex thought.

We are for the large shape, because it has the impact of the unequivocal.

We are for flat forms because they destroy illusion and reveal truth.

The artist was attempting to make art more than something to just look at, they wanted it something to be involved in, something too big to ignore.

It is our function as artists to make the spectator to see the world our way, not his way."

Le Tigre - "Sideshow"

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 2

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#) | [INFO](#) | [MEMBERSHIP](#) | [NEWSLETTER](#) | [MEMBER'S FORUM](#)

"A Seaman Looks at Globularism" : by Captain Raymond Fraser

I've been spending quite a bit of time around the oceans and seas of the world lately, and I'd like to record a few observations. One thing the globularists usually bring up is the notion that ships disappear over the horizon (some of them do, and they don't come back again either). I've been studying this alleged phenomenon, and here is what I've noticed: all boats once on the water appear to be on the horizon.

Those that are farthest away look smaller than those that are nearer. The farthest a boat recedes from the eye of the viewer the smaller it gets, until it seems to eventually to disappear. Never have I seen a boat "sink over the horizon."

This phenomenon of an object disappearing when it gets far enough away from the human eye is readily explained by a simple experiment. You need only take a tiny pebble or a pea and place it on an airport runway, then have someone remove it further from you at intervals, and I can assure you it will not be long before you can no longer see the pebble or pea. Would your conclusion then be that the pebble (or pea) disappeared over the edge of a globular runway?

My second observation - and this is somewhat radical, but I'm open to contradiction - is that the earth is shaped like the surface of a round table. Why do I say this? Standing on the shore of the Mediterranean, for example, as you look out to sea from your left to your right, your gaze sweeping over a 190 degree angle, the sight you see is a reach of the earth directly out on our left hand, and the line at the end of your sight moves outward and around (yes, around) and back again on your right hand. I suspect it's this circular (not globular, mind you) apparency that led many of the lesser minds in history to extrapolate from circularity to globularity - as though there were no such objects as flat circular stones, but only those shaped like a ball.

There are other matters I would like to deal with, but I will get to them another time - for example, the blatant relationship between corrupt authoritarianism (as opposed to benevolent authoritarianism), so often misrepresented as democracy, and the establishmentarian insistence on the earth's spherical dimension (the main point being, if you'll accept the earth as a globe you'll accept anything-knowledge is pointedly taken out of one's hands - at an early age the masses form the habit of believing what they're told no matter what their eyes or common sense tell them).

A simple problem for someone: point out the manner in which a compass leads navigators about a flat earth, while they so gullibly accept that they are going under the earth upside down.

(This was referenced as Tractate No.4 in a series published by the Flat Earth Society around 1970, University of New Brunswick Harriet Irving Library Archives.)

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 3

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#)[INFO](#)[MEMBERSHIP](#)[NEWSLETTER](#)[MEMBER'S FORUM](#)

Brimstone Head Update: By Iris Taylor

I returned for a visit to Fogo Island and Brimstone Head this past summer. I took my sister Daisy out there as she had recently become a member of the Flat Earth Society ([see her article here](#)). She was thrilled with the opportunity to look out to the edge of the world and I was awestruck as I viewed it again. It was a lovely sunny, albeit gusty day. The town has now posted a new sign there at the base of the climb up Brimstone that I thought I would share with you here. I suspect as they get more tourists and travelers coming to take a look at the edge, the town has become more concerned about the well-being of their visitors and have posted this warning.



THE NEW SIGN AT BRIMSTONE HEAD

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)


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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)



NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 3

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#) | [INFO](#) | [MEMBERSHIP](#) | [NEWSLETTER](#) | [MEMBER'S FORUM](#)



Brimstone Head - where the land meets the sea meets the edge : By Daisy Taylor

I am a relatively new member of the Flat Earth Society, having recently been recruited by my dear sister Iris. I had always been dubious about the notion of the earth being planar rather than global. However, a trip this past summer has completely convinced me that the earth is indeed flat.

I had the glorious pleasure of visiting one of the corners of the world in July - Brimstone Head on Fogo Island in Newfoundland. One can truly see how this is the edge of the world. It is most fortuitous that a warning sign is posted at the bottom of the stairs, preparing one for the dangers of approaching one of the corners of the earth ([see photo in previous article](#)). But there really is no danger of falling off because the on shore winds are so strong they prevent one from even trying to jump off into the oblivion.

I would encourage all Flat Earth Society members to visit at least one of the corners of the earth at some point in their lifetime.

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 3

IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH INFO MEMBERSHIP NEWSLETTER MEMBER'S FORUM

Flat Earth: A Rocking Cosmic Platter : By Peter Manchester

It is a claim of some thinkers that important ideas appear when they are least expected. For a few, these epiphanies become manifest when the noggin is being baked by the sun, on a beach blanket, eyes half closed in a mid-vacation stupor. Such an occurrence happened to me this Summer when I was in Maine, on the coast far from any distractions of phones, faxes or laptops, other than my own laptop. A protuberance that appears when I sit but have yet to find its vital external portals. It seems to get oogles but no google. It is not the issue of laptops that stirred my curiosity. Laptops are clinically flat, precise and without bulges. My laptop fails to meet such criteria. It was another flat structure that drew my interest.

I was sitting on the rocks that border a small cove, in whose waters I have been cautiously dipping my toes and tormenting its resident crabs all my life. Three generations prior to mine have followed these proscribed methods of time passing on this cove. The crabs somehow survive these summer invasions, kidnapping and warm plastic buckets. As we migrate year after year to the cove's curiously warmer-than-freezing shallows (and the vindictive crabs that escaped capture bent on avenging the disappearances of crabs personally known to them), we swim to a destination rocking in the cove's deeper waters. That of the floating raft.

Floating rafts draw the attention of all swimmers. First of all because we expect all rafts to float otherwise they would be a sunken raft or crab hotel. For a select few, rafts are a destination to swim to and sunbathe for countless moments until an uncaring youth splashes said sunbather and merry voices echo profanities about the cove. Raft sunbathing in an unchallenged state exists only in the right combination of teenage gender balance when hormones are in a neutralized state of XY and XX chromosome proximity and their calming mix. Prior to this point in human development, the raft is a scientific laboratory testing the nature of imbalance, the generating of waves and the development of shrill choruses accompanied by whispered "tisk tisk" vocalizations of elderly aunts on the pebbly shores.

Before the final verse of fathers and mothers, the scene unfolds as teen-agers rush from one side of the floating dock to the other causing it to rock vigorously in a majestic youth-powered metronomic fashion, sending waves radiating from its exposed flotation as the dock rolls back and forth.

It was while witnessing such a spectacle that I formulated the grand "Earth as Raft" theory. Would it be possible to test out this exquisite experiment in Flat Earthness? My brain began to conjure the possibilities, under the warm humidity of a worn straw hat. Such a supreme test could be a grand but possibly apocalyptic endeavour. To what lengths are we willing to prod a hypothesis? It is often said that an Italian Proctologist is an Innuendo, but that was not the prodding I had in mind. I was formulating a mass movement of people from one edge of the earth to another.

Before plans are made, grants are applied for and clothes made for surviving a fall off our cosmic platter, let's investigate the repercussions. The rhythmic "space waves" might push the planets into a bobbing pattern that would annoy astronomers and astrologers. I can not fathom a scarier sight than placard waving astrophiles. They are a vicious lot, especially the astronomers, hopped up after spending their days and nights studying ancient cosmic calamities and upheavals.

The "corners of the earth" are well known to flat-earthlings. Unfortunately, though our numbers are growing, there are not enough of us to "rock the boat". That is why it is necessary to entice large numbers of people to come to the geographical "corners" to carry out this experiment. I would think that spreading the rumour that Paris Hilton was going to rush about to the opposite corner of the earth might entice the first million. Then we could say that we saw Brad Pitt and what's-her-name walking their adorable adopted babies along the edge of the earth in an act even more dangerous than Michael Jackson hanging his baby over a balcony rail in Berlin. Maybe Mr. Jackson could be asked to dangle his baby again over the edge of the earth. The tonnage of photo equipment sure to follow this brazen act could add needed ballast to this experiment. Once everyone is there, the master of ceremonies could call out:

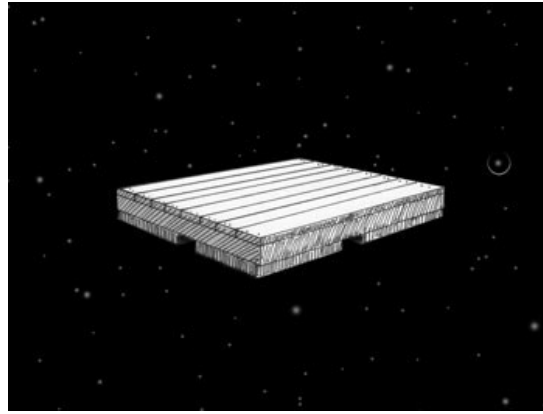
"Look, they all went over there, to the other corner."

This would send this wave of humanity to the desired far corner of the earth. At this point it might not be feasible to get people back to point "A", the original starting point but by then any cosmic rocking would be manifest and measured by the astute observer.

A risk in doing this experiment is unleashing the powers of the little known "Bongo Board Hypothesis". As nobody has yet had a good look under the earth to see if there is a big cylinder there, we might be risking a wild tottering collapse as we all slip off this noble platter we call home.

If there is any interest in pursuing this further, I would welcome conspirators to enjoin me in this matter.

(Note: Those of you wishing to respond to Peter's interesting suggestion may do so through [emailing me directly](#) or offering counter theories and ideas to follow up in the next newsletter. - Iris Taylor)



COSMIC PLATTER

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)



NEWSLETTER - Vol. 1, No. 3

IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH INFO MEMBERSHIP NEWSLETTER MEMBER'S FORUM

Maps or Spam?

The forum of the newsletter is a good place for rants from all our members including past ones. It's a good spot to get some of Bartholomew's writings more visible. I have always been intrigued by his perspective on maps and the general doubt held by flat earthers regarding the legitimacy of maps. As I state in my lecture, "maps" spelt backwards is "spam" and that in and of itself suggests that perhaps maps are indeed something for which we should retain a healthy dose of skepticism. The segment that follows is an excerpt from Bartholomew's journal regarding his position on cartography.

- Iris Taylor

Journal Excerpt by Bartholomew Seeker:

Historically, maps are riddled with deceit, certainly the cartographers who make them are prone to emphasize some things and hide or ignore others. I suppose though it's actually the patrons who determine the truths their maps will tell, and often it is not the truth of the land. Even now with the so-called truth of satellite photography, who really can believe it? The notions of those satellites orbiting the earth snapping pictures is preposterous, and with trick photography techniques who can believe any photograph any more, it is certainly not a truth any more than a surrealist's drawing. Curiously, the lies in maps are perpetuated through years of cartography. I think of the belief in the 16th and 17th century that there was a river and several lakes running through the centre of the continent leading to a large inland body of salt water, the Ocean of the West, that in turn led into the Pacific Ocean. Cartographers and explorers were so desperate to convince those who could finance expeditions that there was indeed a northern passage through North America to reach the Pacific (and India and China) that the maps they made began to hold their own grain of truth, the truth of faith. I also think of the fanciful islands once believed to be in the middle of Lake Superior. Maps were copied and changed by cartographers as new information arrived, and some things continued to appear in maps even long after others had discovered truths, yet the old truths, the lies, remained. The fictitious islands, Isle Phillipeaux and Isle Pontchartrain, first documented by respected mapmaker Jacques-Nicolas Bellin in the early 18th century, ended up appearing on maps for the next century long after other explorers realized they weren't actually there. A lie had been set in motion that wasn't easily dismissed. Maps were used as propaganda for one country against another, where marks of boundaries and regions wildly exaggerated the claims of one country over another. With all these myths within the history of cartography, how can we not still continue to question the processes for making maps and distributing maps. The flat earth knowledge has been around longer than any other, granted, part of it may be taken on faith, but how can people so vehemently disregard it, when they can be so easily misled by false truths, how can they be so convinced that something as far-fetched as a satellite camera can take pictures in outer space and be somehow recorded back on earth. Over the years, hundreds of ships and people have been lost at sea with no evidence of them ever turning up, surely the belief that those ships have somehow found themselves over the edge of the earth has as much credence as any other theories. Why is my conviction about a flat earth so derided, as is my intent to document its existence, yet all those people who speak with conviction about satellites have never been on one or even seen one in real life, yet they take that information on faith. Is it not just another form of propaganda? Once must ask oneself, to whose advantage is those beliefs. The government and the military of course... keep the masses convinced they are being scrutinized at any given moment by cameras in outer space. Make up stories and images about the shape of the world and rocket ships to build the propaganda. Seek to create faith based on some kind of so-called "science" to attempt to give the theories credibility, and in the process deny and refute the knowledge of others. It's a form of mass prejudice and intolerance that is accepted by millions because they have been brainwashed by the rhetoric of space science.



NEWSLETTER - Vol. 2, No. 1

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#) | [INFO](#) | [MEMBERSHIP](#) | [NEWSLETTER](#) | [MEMBER'S FORUM](#)



Visiting the Yukon: By Iris Taylor

It was with great pleasure that I had the opportunity to host a Flat Earth workshop for discussion and writing at a Retreat on the shores of the beautiful Crag Lake in the Yukon Territory in June 2006. After my Flat Earth lecture in Dawson City in 2004, I had been remarkably impressed with the enthusiasm demonstrated by Yukoners to the alternative forms of thinking offered by the Flat Earth Society. As such this return visit seemed like a prime opportunity to get several northern members together to share ideas. At this session one of the members, Delphinium Neerley, stated "After every great span of time, a new volume is born." And indeed it seems timely that this issue of the newsletter begins the Volume 2 series.

At the core of many Yukoners' hearts resides a strong unstated connection to the Flat Earth Society that stems from the avid participation of many locals in the parallel-minded Horizontal Society (please see the other article in this issue). With such firmly-rooted analogies, it's easy to understand why I was not only so quickly accepted by the locals, but also why getting to know these people broadened my own thinking and ideas.

In the land of the midnight sun, it's not a wonder that Yukoners, such as Umble Sagittae, understand how those immensely long shadows affirm the earth's flatness as they stretch unhindered by curves in erect stance replicating the tall slender spruce trees of the region (see Shadows article).

I'd like to thank the participants at that workshop for their enthusiastic involvement and their ideas that advance the notions of Flat Earth thinking.

Please enjoy this issue and keep those ideas flowing!

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

NEWSLETTER - Vol. 2, No. 1

IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH INFO MEMBERSHIP NEWSLETTER MEMBER'S FORUM

Horizontal Society: By Delphinium Neerley

Dear Iris,

I would like to bring to your attention an unusual relationship that you may not even know exists.

Are you aware that there is a Horizontal Society in the Yukon that has a strong affinity with the Flat Earth Society? We are a small group that meets erratically but always practices horizontality as soon as is humanly possible. We do our best to fight verticality and the vertical perspective. After all verticality just spills all beverages down our newly ironed garments. In the horizontal position we refrain from liquid beverages, thus allowing our system a short reprieve from the traditional pull of gravity. In addition, from this horizontal position, we bring a unique perspective of non-linear airy possibility. After all, even though the earth is flat, it still has a horizon, and this is eminently visible in the vertical position. However in the horizontal position there is no horizon, thus all is possible. And it is this infinitude of horizontal perspective that gives pause for thought. And the thought that comes into that pause is: horizontal and flat are the same thing.

The horizontal human body on the earth, is as the mountain on the earth, only in miniature, not exactly flat-line, but definitely non-vertical. The mountains surely grew tired of standing vertical, (as do humans, every night and nap time) - the blowing winds, the biting snow, and the searing sun. Surely they had no desire to become eroded into deserts and so they lay down, fatigued with the vicissitudes of weather. Mountains know how to survive! As do people. And so we share a horizontal affinity. The landscape value of the human body is not often appreciated, except by lovers, with their eyes closed.

Yours in the sisterhood of flowers,
Delphinium Neerley.

Dear Delphinium:

Thank you so much for your letter and your thoughtful analogies between the Flat Earth Society and the Horizontal Society. Although I had indeed heard of the Horizontal Society some years ago, it was a pleasure to meet you and to participate in some direct horizontal experiences to learn more about that fascinating perspective.

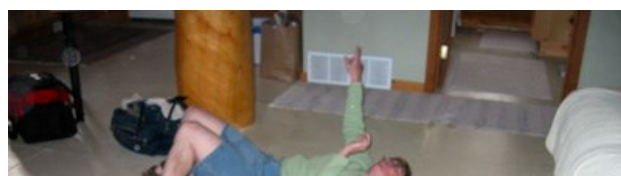
I have attached some photos below of that marvelous occasion shared by a select group of Horizontals and Flat Earthers while I hosted the workshop at the Retreat.

Yours sincerely,

Iris



HORIZONTAL EXPERIENCE OUTDOORS AT THE RETREAT





DELPHINIUM TEACHING IRIS HORIZONTAL DANCING AT THE RETREAT

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)

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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)

A close-up photograph of a red and white mailbox. The mailbox is red with a white front panel. A white envelope is partially visible in the slot. The mailbox is mounted on a wooden post.

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NEWSLETTER - Vol. 2, No. 1

[IMAGES / IRIS' RESEARCH](#)[INFO](#)[MEMBERSHIP](#)[NEWSLETTER](#)[MEMBER'S FORUM](#)

New Additions to the Lexicon: Contributed by Delphinium Neerley

Parallelity - noun, a state of being in accord with. Usage example: Delphinium and Iris are in a state of parallelity. Converging lines have no parallelity.

Diagonality - noun, a state of inebriated verticality approaching horizontality.

Dimentionality - noun, a heightened awareness of the origami art form.

Convertical - someone who is a convert to the vertical world, and lacking in imagination

Convertible - not a car - someone who is open to new ideas and concepts.

Levational - adjective, skilled in rising to the occasion, like helium balloons. The levational capacity of the paranoic was not very high.

Non-botinistic - a stick in the mud about botany.

[NEWSLETTER](#) | [CONTENTS](#) | [NEXT ARTICLE](#) | [PREVIOUS ARTICLE](#)



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Return to: [I. Taylor Research](#) | [Flat Earth Society](#) | [Walking Tours](#)